

Good Morning 402

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Inside Story of Books To-day

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago a small schoolboy used to haunt the bookstalls of Farringdon Street and other London markets.

This was William Edgeler's first step towards book-selling, as the books he purchased for 2d. or 3d. yielded him treble or more at Charing Cross Road.

He has kept up his early love for books and dealing in them ever since, and after being blitzed out of his London premises at Blackstock Road, Highbury, in 1940, he moved to Worthing, where he established his bookshop in the same year.

Throughout his school days and early commercial career this embryo bookseller supplemented his wages by his favourite hobby.

Booksellers call his sort "runners"—people who buy books from one place and sell to another—and hundreds of these small traders actually earn a living doing it as a full-time occupation.

"During the early 1930s," Edgeler told me, as I sought him out at his shop, "I threw up my job as a salesman and secured a post at a bookshop in Bloomsbury. I found business quiet at first, although there was only one other bookseller here at that time."

"Suddenly there came a big war-time demand for reading, especially of old standard works by standard authors such as Jane Austen, Trollope, the Brontës, and Dickens."

"Business has boomed ever since, and is still going strong. Hundreds of books exchange hands at my shop every week, bought chiefly to send out to the troops, etc., though the professional class, like doctors, lawyers and that ilk, are great book collectors, lovers and avid readers of all kinds of the better works."

"I deal particularly in modern topical books for young people, in addition to the usual classical trade, and I now carry a stock of some 10,000 volumes."

"History, biography, travel, foreign language books, classics and modern fiction are all in great demand."

"Jane Austen, Trollope, the Brontës and Dickens are the literary fashions of to-day for your ever-increasing company of classic-lovers. Scott, Thackeray and Eliot are as slow-selling as ever, but the popular late Victorian novelists, Mrs. Henry Wood, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and the ever-popular Marie Corelli, still hold their own."

"The Edwardians are dead—Marion Crawford, Hall Saine, Crockett and Merriman collect their cobwebs on the top shelves, and only the Kiplings, Hardies and Shaws, with occasional Wells or Bennetts, seem to survive the immediate pre-Great War years."

"Cronin, Galsworthy, Priestley, Depping and Frankau reflect the modern taste, with Cecil Roberts, Georgette Heyer, and practically any romantic Western or detective author for that majority of book buyers—the people who

FRANK MORAN was in England again in 1920, after he had served a period in the United States Navy. He made a bee-line for a match with Carpentier, not only because the Frenchman was at that time the biggest drawing card in Europe, but mainly because Moran felt sure that he could lick Carpentier as easily as eating his breakfast.

It seems that Carpentier, in his private mind, knew that Moran was not far wrong, though, of course, no true inkling of this belief was ever permitted to percolate into the public mind from the French camp.

Many good purse offers were made by promoters, both in London and Paris, for a match between Carpentier and Moran, but to every offer Carpentier gave an emphatic "No!" This made Moran all the more anxious to get the Frenchman into the ring with him, and he offered to fight him for nothing.

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I HAVE mentioned two instances in which professional boxers have fought for nothing, and these may be taken as the exceptions to prove the rule that boxers do not fight without good financial inducement; but in the matter

of Carpentier there is no doubt that Moran was quite genuine in his offer to fight for the sheer joy it would give him.

This tough American was a happy-go-lucky fighter, and he was seldom in anything but a merry mood; yet in boxing circles, with Moran present, the conversation had only to turn on Carpentier for him to ring out a string of weird and wonderful oaths, and then promptly depart for fear that he might injure the misguided wight who had introduced the name of Carpentier into the discussion.

It is almost needless to add that Carpentier never did meet Moran in the ring.

To be scrupulously fair to Carpentier, it must be said that there was a time when he did not pick and choose his opponents with extreme care; but this was the period when he was a genuine champion, as a middle-weight, between the years 1911 and 1914.

Just before the last war opened up, it was apparent to close observers, able to read the signs, that Carpentier had passed his best. He had by then had a very full career, and as he had started fighting at the immature age of 13, it was only to be expected that his "crack-up" would come long before he became old in years.

GATHERING THE SHEKELS.

In poundage, Carpentier was never really a heavy-weight. At his heaviest he could still make the cruiser-weight limit without any trouble, but he was wise enough to realise that the heavy-weight commanded the big money; and another

point that counted for much was the fact that heavy-weight form was well below that of the lighter weights.

Provided he took care to steer clear of troublesome customers, he could pick up plenty of easy money, which is precisely what he did.

To return to Moran, he won three fights in London early in 1920, including a two-round knock-out over Frank Goddard. He also showed what he thought of French heavy-weights by knocking out Paul Journee inside two rounds.

A quick trip back to America for two no-decision contests, and within a very short time Moran was again in London. Then he felt that he was indeed in luck, for he managed to get a match with Joe Beckett.

With Beckett having but recently beaten Tommy Burns, and with Moran's knock-out victory over Goddard still fresh in the public mind, the Moran-Beckett match proved to be a big attraction.

A "KITTEN" PUNCH.

The result was to send Beckett's friends down in the dumps, as he failed to make any sort of impression during the short time the contest lasted, and he went down for the full count in the second round.



Old man Scamp is still master of the house in his own rights, and Kit easily upholds his position as the terror of the local sparrows. Cousin Jack is away in the Army, but often writes asking after his pal "Tich." Barry Rowe, also in the Army, sends you his best wishes as well. "Tell Harold not to forget the little gift and promise, please," was your mother's parting request, Harold, and as we were told nothing of the secret we are just passing on the message. Your fiancée, Anne, was away on a few days' holiday when we called. Anne's photograph—still on the mantelpiece—is very charming, and she certainly looks lovely. All the best from Levenshulme. And Good Hunting!

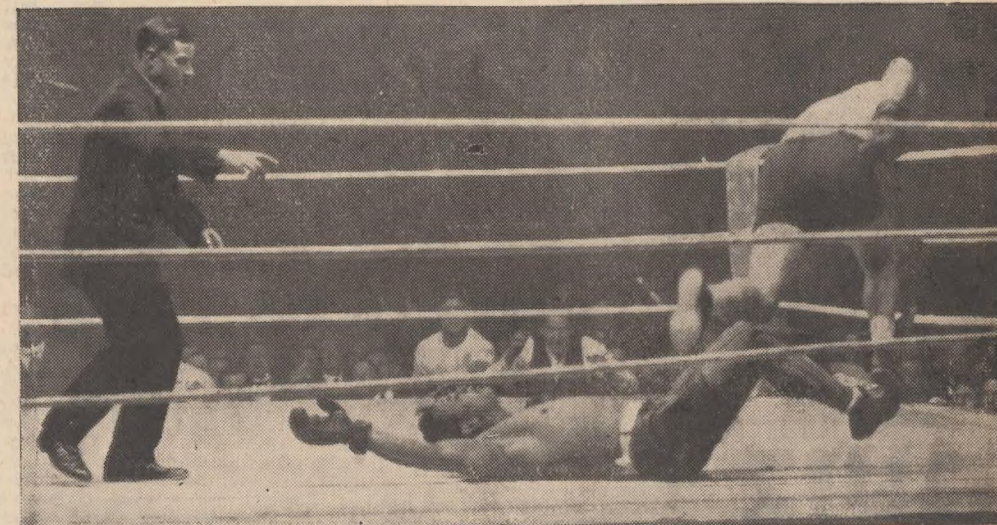
want light reading as an entertainment, an escape or a vicarious adventure they have missed in their own lives.

"There is a strong contingent of cosmopolitans for Continental literature in the original language; and art collecting and musical biography are eagerly sought after, and, for an apparently elderly population, the sale of technical books is quite surprising."

Alexander Stanley

W. H. Millier Tells of Tough Fight

THIS WAS SLOG-SLOG HAMMER AND TONGS



Beckett hits the Boards

The curious thing was that Moran refused to take any credit for that victory, and he conveyed the idea that he felt himself cheated, though one would have thought that, having won the contest, he would have been quite pleased.

He was generally outspoken, and in due course he told his friends that the punch Beckett went down from would not have felled a kitten.

It was not in his nature to administer fly-pats, but he was not ready to send over the knock-out punch at the time Beckett was floored, and it annoyed him.

Of course, the information was duly carried to Beckett, and, as you may guess, he was not lost for words, which heaped a ton of coals on the small flame started by Moran's account of what happened.

This meant that the pair would have to meet again. For his part, Moran was ready and willing to take the ring at very short notice. Not so Beckett.

He was not at all anxious, and it was not until nearly two years later that he at last agreed to another match.

At this time Moran was something of a veteran. He was 35 years old and had been fighting stiff battles with most of the world's best heavy-weights for over twelve years.

The fight was staged at the Royal Albert Hall, and was one of the most exciting battles ever seen in that ring. It was a see-saw affair for some time, with both men handing out the heaviest punches they could muster.

MIXTURE NOT AS BEFORE.

Nearly all those who had seen the first fight between Beckett and Moran expected to see Beckett go down and out very early, but you could never depend upon this boxer to be consistent in anything he did.

At one time he would box like a champion, and at another he would just curl up without making any sort of show worth mentioning as such. Beckett was consistent only in his inconsistency. Moran was pretty certain that he could flatten his man whenever he liked, and when Beckett tore into him with a fierce two-handed attack he was certainly surprised, and regarded it as likely to be very short-lived.

In this he was mistaken, and realising that it would not do for him to dawdle on the way, he joined issue in what proved to be a merry slogging match—that is to say, merry for the spectators.

Beckett was floored several times, and usually, whenever Beckett hit the boards it meant that he was there for the full count. But this time it was different. He rose in time to renew the onslaught and lost no time about it. He caught his man with a frightfully low punch in the fourth round, and Moran was in a bad way, which also was unusual for him.

The referee was in the ring and was caught on the blind side when the blow landed, otherwise he must have disqualified Beckett.

After the minute's interval, Moran had pulled himself together, and with a tremendous effort he went all out to beat his man in the fifth round. He succeeded in flooring Beckett with a sweeping right that seemed good enough to stop a five-ton lorry.

"He won't get up now," said Moran's seconds, and it did look as though Beckett was down for keeps, but just as the timekeeper was about to call "Out," up scrambled Beckett, and the mere sight of such an unexpected happening momentarily deprived Moran of his usually swift decision.

Instead of rushing in to follow up his advantage, he allowed Beckett to attack him. It was then seen that both eyes were so badly puffed that Moran had difficulty in judging distance. In the next round his punches, fiercely slung, were wide of the mark. He could see only with difficulty.

As he could not see at all in the seventh round, the referee stopped the contest in Beckett's favour.

It was certainly a remarkably thrilling fight, but Moran was very sore about it all. The thing that amazed him was that Beckett had refused to stay down when he had been floored, and the only consolation he derived was in the fact that Beckett could not knock him out.

He tried hard to bring about the rubber match, but Beckett was quite content to rest on his laurels where Moran was concerned.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

WANGLING WORDS—343

1. Put a pain in MTE and get a big knife.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Verri awy het ponu wond newenas.*
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change HARE into BELL and then back again into HARE, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden town in: *A little ice, sterilised milk, and lemon is very refreshing.*

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 342

1. Lacrosse ("an X" equals "a cross").
2. Come into the garden, Maud.
3. ELM, ell, all, ale, AXE, ace, ice, ire, ilk, elk, ELM.
4. E-ton, Ox-for-d, Mon-mouth.

QUIZ for today

1. A benjamin is a striking clock, Arab priest, overcoat, flower, round dance, Scotch pudding, moneylender?
2. Who wrote (a) First and Last Things, (b) Unto This Last?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Aeroplane, Biplane, Monoplane, Hydroplane, Seaplane, Triplane.
4. The first steamship crossed the Atlantic in 1818, 1828, 1838, 1848, 1858?
5. Why is the Catherine Wheel so called?
6. How many sides has a prism of rock-crystal (quartz)?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Oleander, Obsidian, Olfactory, Ogive, Ociput, Octopod, Oblivian.
8. When, and by whom, was the barometer invented?
9. Who are the film partners of (a) Burns, (b) Abbott, (c) Olsen?
10. Name three common fruits belonging to the rose family.
11. What is the common name for the fabulous creature, the monoceros?
12. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Picamar, Picador, Picaline, Picayune, Picaroon.

To-day's Brains Trust

ROUND the discussion table to-day are a Professor of Art, a modern Portrait Painter, a Philosopher, and an Historian, and the question put to them is:

Who and what were the Pre-Raphaelites? Are there any living to-day?

Professor: "The Pre-Raphaelites were a brotherhood of artists got together by Holman Hunt in 1884. Their object was to get away from the conventional painting then in fashion and to return to the naturalistic painting of the age before Raphael. A similar reaction in literature had already begun with the nature poems of Wordsworth, and the movement may be described as a revolt against artificiality. They gave up most of the current ideas about picture-making, and tried to paint nature in the utmost detail with the utmost accuracy, and thought that the results would be as worthy of contemplation as nature herself."

Philosopher: "Though the Pre-Raphaelites displayed excellent craftsmanship and consummate skill, their works on the whole fail. This, I take it, is because they were really slavish imitations of nature, and since all imitation aims at deceiving, it is incapable of reaching the highest levels."

Historian: "The Pre-Raphaelite painters took extraordinary pains with their work."

Their efforts were essentially religious in character, and they painted with religious fervour. It is said that Holman Hunt painted every stroke of the figure of Christ in The Light of the World on his knees.

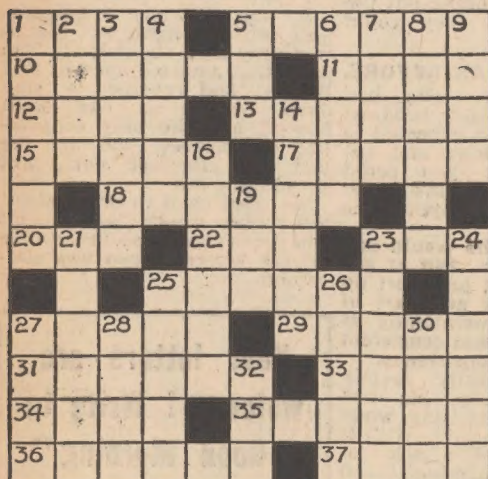
"He ruined his health in Palestine, where he went in order to paint a goat on the shores of the Dead Sea for his picture, The Scapegoat."

Philosopher: "They seem to have had the common notion that the sole requisite for success is a one hundred per cent."

Answers to Quiz in No. 401

1. Animal.
2. (a) Marc Connelly, (b) Maurice Hindus.
3. Onager is a real animal; others are imaginary.
4. No; polygamy is now forbidden.
5. It was discovered on Christmas Day, the natal or birth day of Christ.
6. Aberdeen.
7. Mouldy, Millennium.
8. About 6,000.
9. 23.
10. Everton.
11. Dover.
12. Washington, Wyoming, Wisconsin.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Silence.
- 5 Led.
- 10 Covered walk.
- 11 Vehicle.
- 12 Endured use.
- 13 See.
- 15 Jagged points.
- 17 Foundation.
- 18 Pigeon.
- 20 Sussex town.
- 22 Meet.
- 23 Wooden pin.
- 25 In direct descent.
- 27 Sage.
- 29 Stage piece.
- 31 Avoided.
- 33 Disorder.
- 34 Resonance.
- 35 Wide adviser.
- 36 Wool.
- 37 Pip.

ATTACK BOAT
BEE RESERVE
HARDEN GAIN
O SOW SALAD
RED WON T
LE GRIP COD
REVEAL LORE
AGE NEPAL L
CARED EXUDE
ENGROSS MOT
STEAM TINGE

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Steep rope.
- 2 Golf-club.
- 3 Abrade.
- 4 Dance.
- 5 Bird.
- 6 Fragrant oil.
- 7 Platform.
- 8 Stir up.
- 9 Embossing stamps.
- 14 Carried out.
- 16 Indolent.
- 19 Colour.
- 21 Somerset town.
- 23 Fish.
- 24 Ground.
- 25 Porter's room.
- 26 Tapestry.
- 27 Slave.
- 28 Narrow road.
- 30 Furry animal.
- 32 Female animal.

enthusiasm. Many people think that to give your undivided attention to something, and to pursue it honestly and unweariedly to the bitter end, is to guarantee that you will accomplish something great. If you injure yourself in the process, so much nobler will the result be.

"The Pre-Raphaelites had something of this idea, but how false it is! Greatness does not come to those who seek her, no matter how earnestly they work or how noble their ideals."

Professor: "The Pre-Raphaelite aim at following nature was praiseworthy enough, but following nature is not art. This has since been attained to perfection by means of colour-photography, but no colour-photograph, however perfect in itself, can be ranked as a perfect work of art."

Historian: "The best-known Pre-Raphaelite picture is probably Holman Hunt's Light of the World, which hangs in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Other pictures include Sir John Millais's The First Sermon, Bubbles, and The Boyhood of Raleigh. The Brotherhood included Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown and Burne-Jones, all of whom are dead. I do not know whether any minor members of the Brotherhood are still alive, but if so, they would probably be 80 or 90 years old. The

movement itself is extinct, and in view of the future of colour-photography, is not likely to be revived."

Painter: "The Pre-Raphaelite movement had the wholehearted support of Ruskin, who claimed that the works of Turner were essentially Pre-Raphaelite in character."

"Most people would say that Turner's visions and impressions were the very opposite of Pre-Raphaelite, but Ruskin held that Turner did with colour, tone and feeling what the others did with form."

"Ruskin took pains to show how accurate Turner was in his colouring and his details. Brilliance of colour was one of the things aimed at by the Pre-Raphaelites."

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

The Hamster rodent found in Northern Europe and Asia has abnormally large cheek pouches in which it stores its food.

The Chinese air-raid warning is two bright red balloons tied to a pole, and the "All clear" is a cylindrical green lantern. Veree Chinese. . .



"Modest? Why, that girl's so modest she wouldn't do improper fractions!!"

Changed Positions and became great

FATE plays a big part in the success of a footballer, and the players themselves are the first to admit it. Several international footballers have told me interesting stories concerning themselves.

Charlie Craven, well-known Grimsby inside-forward, during his schooldays was a goal-scoring centre-forward, but when he commenced playing with a Lincolnshire amateur side he took to inside-right, as he was on the frail side.

Very soon League clubs began to look at Charlie Craven, and Grimsby signed up "Chuck," as he was known to his friends.

When first Craven joined Grimsby things went well. Then came one of those bad patches experienced by all footballers, and he felt very worried. During one match, however, something happened which altered Charlie Craven's outlook.

They were playing at Millwall, and things were going badly for Craven, when Jackie Bestall, the Grimsby skipper, suggested that he should take Craven's place and Charlie move to Bestall's position at inside-left.

Craven agreed—and before long both men were playing better than ever before in their new berths!

Sam Bartram, the Charlton and England goalkeeper, is another who found fame after narrowly missing it at an earlier date.

Sam was a centre-half at school in the North, and while working as a miner, had an offer to play a trial for Reading. He was still a half-back.

Reading, however, thought he needed a little more experience, so back to the colliery went Sam, and continued to play for Boldon Villa.

ACROBATIC GOALIE.

One afternoon, Jimmy Seed, the Charlton manager, went along to see a forward playing for Boldon. But it was the red-headed goalkeeper who caught his eye. He was a darling and resourceful fellow, who had the skill of an acrobat and the safe hands of a slip-fighter.

Later, Jimmy Seed made inquiries about the goalkeeper, and was surprised to hear that he was in reality the club's centre-half, who had only gone into goal because the goalkeeper had been taken ill.

Veteran footballer Jimmy Seed knew that Bartram had a big future as a goalkeeper, gave him a two-months' trial, and then offered him a professional form to sign.

Sam Bartram justified all Jimmy Seed's faith. He guarded Charlton's goal when the club rose from the Southern Third Division to the First

Division, and later gained his cap.

INTO THE BREACH.

Joe Payne, the present Chelsea centre-forward, is another who found fame by accident.

He was in Luton's reserve team as a wing-half. One holiday, however, Luton found that all their regular centre-forwards had been injured. Someone suggested that young Joe Payne, who possessed a terrific shot, should be given a chance.

"He shouldn't do too badly," one official said. "He knows the quickest way to goal is by shooting at it."

He was right—and that afternoon Joe Payne made himself famous and thrust his name into the book of records.

The Bristol Rovers' defenders must have wondered who this newcomer was, for Joe crashed ten goals past the Bristol goalkeeper, to the surprise of colleagues and opponents.

Since then Payne, despite bad injuries, has never looked back, and is recognised as one of our best centre-forwards.

Bob Iverson, the Aston Villa left-half, is considered one of the best middle-liners in football, yet if it hadn't been for injuries to other players Iverson would have had to wait a little longer for the position he

at present occupies in football.

FROM RIGHT TO LEFT.

Iverson, who worked as a bricklayer in his native Folkestone, first came into prominence when assisting the local club. He was then an inside-right. Tottenham signed him as a professional, but after one season with them he went into Kent League football with Ramsgate. He spent only three weeks with this club before Lincoln signed him up.

With the "Imps" Iverson was very successful, and the Wolves paid a large fee for his transfer. They played him regularly at inside-right, then, because of injuries, switched him to the wing.

Again he showed himself a versatile footballer, but during one match, with defenders injured, he was forced to take the left-half position. And what a game he played! Major Frank Buckley realised that Iverson, by sheer chance, had discovered his real position, and kept him there.

Less than a month later Aston Villa had paid a £5,000 fee for his transfer!

Yes, in football, as in other walks of life, fate plays a big part in the making of stars.

John Allen

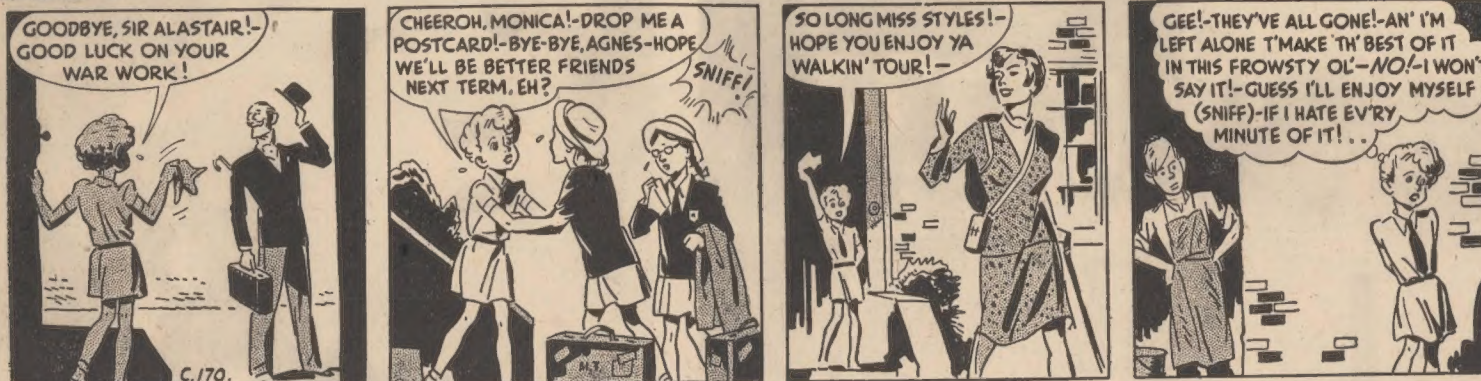
JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



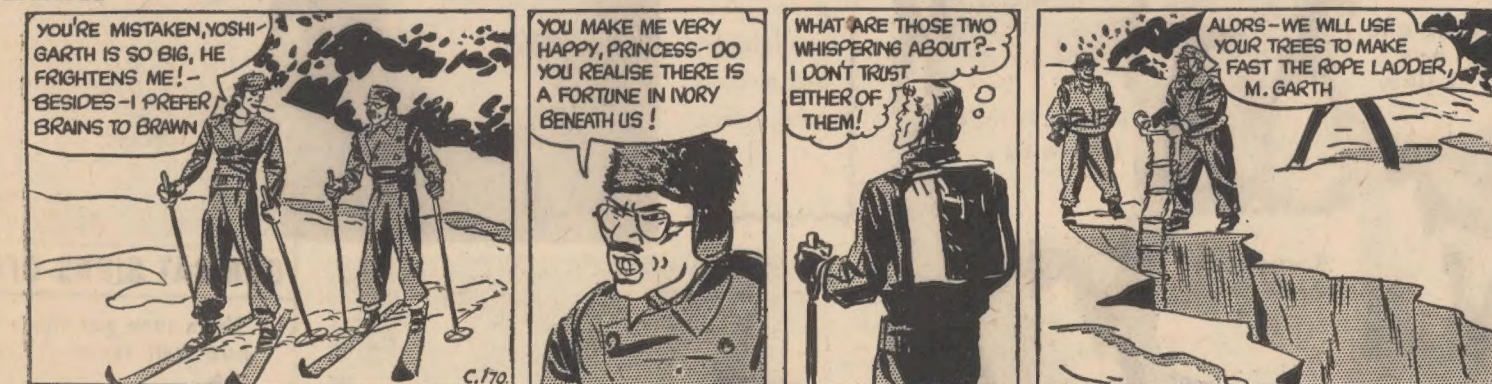
POPEYE



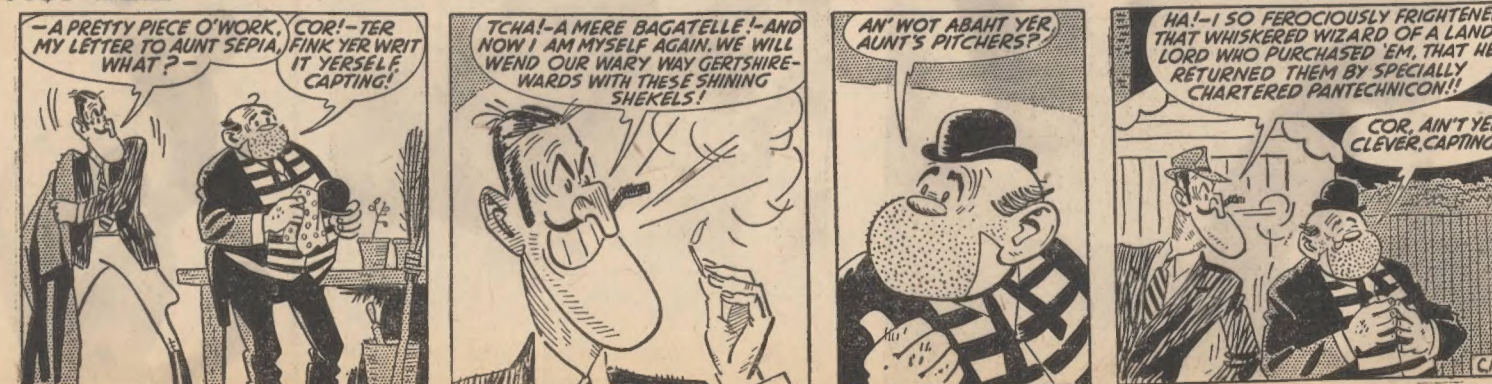
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

SOME of you fellows have probably served with my nephew, Merrian Drew, who was, until quite recently in command of H.M. Submarine "Unwieldy," in Eastern waters. He has just returned to this country, and has been spending a few days' leave with me.

Life in the East seems to have suited him, and it was only the worst of luck that brought him back to this country. He was not very communicative, but by piecing bits together here and there I imagine that something like the following happened.

"Somewhere in Asia" there is a big naval base with a lot of both soldiers and airmen stationed nearby. Everybody, including the very high-ups, were unusually keen on sport, and boxing was, probably, more popular than anything else. It so happened that a boxing competition was planned, in which the three Services would take part; and, needless to say, there was the greatest rivalry.

Training was taken most seriously. My nephew was entered in the heavy-weight class. So was a young staff colonel, and I gather that there was little to choose between them; but it was expected that either of them might be left at the end.

Unfortunately, as it turned out, this colonel was a great believer in skipping as the chief part of his getting fit. But he had used up all the skipping ropes in the district. There were some on order, but it might have been weeks before they arrived, so he got in touch with Merrian and asked him, having heard that there were jumping wires on his submarine, if he would lend him them until the skipping ropes turned up.

My nephew, for some reason or other, refused, with, I am afraid, certain sarcastic comments. This caused such bad feeling that Merrian's life was made quite miserable. It was suggested that it was most unsporting of him, especially as the request came from his most serious opponent in the competition, to refuse him the facility for which he had asked. So much so that, eventually, my nephew asked for a transfer, which was speedily granted.

Now, knowing my nephew pretty well as a real sportsman, I cannot but feel that there was something else behind his refusal than mere unwillingness to oblige. What it was I don't know, but maybe some of you fellows who may have heard of the affair might be able to put me wise. I should be very grateful if you could, as I have always been particularly fond of Merrian, and should hate to think that he had been guilty of the conduct of which he was accused.

As I say, he could seldom be brought to talk of his experiences, but, unless I quite misunderstood him, he had seen action against both the Siroccos and the Monsoons, as on two different occasions his ship was damaged by them.

I must confess I had not heard of these operations, and take it that news was withheld for security reasons. On mentioning the matter to a naval officer friend of mine, he told me that there has been constant trouble from these sources.

To a layman it seems rather strange that no steps have been taken before, but I suppose that the urgencies of the major conflict have hindered decisive action against minor enemies such as these.

★

THE NEXT WAR.

I HAVE heard much discussion in certain well-informed semi-circles these days on the line-up in the next world war. The more one thinks of it, the more difficult prophecy becomes. Anybody's guess is as good as the next man's, to my way of thinking.

Take the French, for example. We fought against them for hundreds of years, and we have fought the Danes and the Dutch, the Russians, the Americans, and the Chinese.

We have fought both with and against the Turks, the Spaniards, the Japs, the Austrians, the Rumanians, the Italians, to say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh, the Irish, the Abyssinians, the Canadians, the Maoris, and many others.

From the naval point of view, our chief antagonists in the past have been the French, the Spaniards and the Dutch. One of the oddest set-ups was when we went with the French and the Turks to the Crimea to fight the Russians.

By the way, in case the expert historian takes me to task, I may mention that I have not forgotten the Boers, Basutos, Zulus, Matabele, South Sea Islanders, the West Indians, or the East Indians.

What do you think, chums? Have you any personal preferences?

★

REGRETS.

I CANNOT help feeling, as time goes on, how serious to me has been the untimely decease of both John Barleycorn and Aunt Fanny. I miss them possibly more than you can imagine. They may have been only names to you, but they were easy paragraphs to me.

**Good
Morning**

This England

Old Father Thames rolling
along through Marlow on
his way to the sea.



Will you please mind your own business, and
stop nosing.



Well... I warned you. But you know
darned well it is only a love-tap.



Ah, there's a
tasty wench.

Not one
boy
I like.

I'll get him if
I have to...

Someone's
already chasing
him.

Ah, mating-
time ain't
what it used to
be, children.

Columbia
star, Claire
Trevor,
gives you
anything
but a cold
shoulder.



O.K., I'll watch while you come out
for a while.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"She's sure got that
pub well trained."

